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A CHINESE WEDDING, AND A CHINESE STATESMAN.

The Pekin correspondent of the London *Graphic* gives the following description of the wedding of Lady Blossom Tseng, the youngest daughter of the Marquis Tseng, one of the ministers of the Chinese foreign office, vice-president of the Boards of Admiralty and Revenue, and late Chinese minister to the court of St. James, to Mr. Woo, one of the Chinese secretaries to the Marquis, and a young man of talent and much promise.

"Great preparations," says the writer, "were made for this event. Numerous and valuable gifts poured in upon bride and bridegroom. The usual procession through the streets of the presents of the bride was witnessed by most of the foreign community. The presents were carried on over 100 tables. A similar procession took place of the presents of the bridegroom. On the day preceding the marriage over 500 visits of congratulation were paid to the Marquis by the high officials of the capital. On Sunday, the 6th, the marriage was celebrated, and on Tuesday, the 8th, a grand reception of all the foreigners in Peking took place. Chinese officials and numerous ladies, friends of the family, were present to witness the reception. The bride was in her costly and handsome silks and wonderfully beautiful and exquisitely delicate and ornamented bridal headdress, literally covered with pearls and gay plumage. A veil of hanging beads of pearls of great value and beauty enshrouded her. The guests were permitted to view the private apartments and presents of the bride. This was considered a great privilege, and proved most attractive. Foreigners had never before been permitted to view the sanctum of Chinese family life. The courtyards were covered with lofty mat canopies, the inside of which were hung round with scrolls in silk and red cloth, with the Chinese character for felicity prominent everywhere. The marriage augurs well for the happy couple, the parents having exercised the greatest wisdom in the choice of a son-in-law—character and ability, and not position or wealth, having actuated them in the choice. The consent of the bride to the arrangement was also sought and obtained. This is a new and important innovation.

Our illustration is from a photograph of Mr. Woo and Lady Blossom Woo, taken immediately after the

THE MARQUIS TSENG.

THE WEDDING OF LADY BLOSSOM TSENG, DAUGHTER OF THE MARQUIS TSENG.

ceremony. The hanging pearls have been removed from the front of the headdress. The Chinese inscription in the background—one behind each chair—signifies the word "Hoi" (felicity). The illustration below depicts the bridal sedan chair.

And now a word or two of the Marquis Tseng himself. This enlightened and accomplished diplomatist, who has for more than five years represented the Chinese Government in London and Paris, is, says an English authority, the head of one of the few Chinese families which, according to the ideas of the West, would be termed aristocratic. Tracing back its descent to Tseng-tzu, one of the favorite disciples and followers of the great philosopher Confucius, and himself the author of one of the four classics named the "Tahco," it has produced several remarkable men in the long interval. The father of the present Marquis was one of the most remarkable men China has seen in the last thirty years. His

THE BRIDAL SEDAN CHAIR.

name was Tseng Kwofan, and he took the principal command against the Taeping rebels. In 1865 he recovered Nankin, for which striking service he was made a marquis, or Honu of the first grade, which signifies that the title descends in the same degree to his successors. Tseng Kwofan's brother, Tseng Kwotsinuen, who is still living, was created an earl on the same occasion.

The present Marquis, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father in 1872, was born on a date corresponding to our 7th of December, 1839. At that time the name of the reigning emperor was Thoukwang. Although born in his native province of Hoonan, Tseng Chitse was removed to Pekin before he was twelve months old. He resided there for thirteen years, pursuing such studies as are taught in the Kwotzu-chien, or Imperial College, which is able to confer upon its students the privilege of a certain official rank without examination. When the young Tseng was fourteen he had to accompany his father back to Hoonan, in order to perform one of those periods of mourning for a near relative which so frequently interfere with the transaction of public business in China. He accompanied his father as a kind of secretary throughout the long war with Taeping Wang from 1853 to 1865, and he thus gained an insight into the practical work of administration, which was not possessed by many of his contemporaries. But although he did excellent work he received not the least reward or recognition because he was serving under his father. Nor was his introduction to public life after his father's decease more rapid, for when he had fulfilled the stipulated period of mourning of twenty-seven months for his father he had to perform a similar retirement for the loss of his mother. Then he was appointed a Tang Kwan, or expectant Secretary of State. While waiting for office he was nominated, in 1878, to succed his relative Kwo Sungtao as representative of China at the Court of St. James. In 1880, on the failure of Chung How's mission and the repudiation of the Treaty of Livadia, the Marquis Tseng was appointed Ambassador and Envoy Plenipotentiary to the Court of St. Petersburg, and instructed to proceed without delay to Russia in order to reopen the negotiations on the subject of the province of Kuldja. He proceeded in the task with such tact and decision that not only did he succed in inducing the Russian Foreign Office to re-open the question, but even to yield what the Chinese wanted. The Marquis Tseng's more recent diplomatic encounters with M. Challemel-Lacour and M. Ferry are within the memory of our readers. No one can dispute the skill with which the Marquis conducted the discussion of the Tonquin question from his side, but an Ambassador is powerless if his Government will not resolutely support him, or if it shows itself weak and undecided.

The Marquis Tseng is a *litterateur* of no mean order as well as a diplomatist. He has composed poems, and he is one of the greatest authorities on the Chinese language. He is famous for his caligraphy, and the walls of the Chinese Court at the Fisheries Exhibition were decorated with admirable samples of his penmanship.

It need only be said in conclusion that the Marquis is not a polygamist, and that every one brought into contact with him confesses the charm of his manner and the amiability of his heart, as well as the largeness of his views on political questions, and the ripeness of his understanding.

HOLDING THE OLDER BOYS.

BY S. A. WILSON.

It is an old, familiar problem which yet confronts us with startling freshness, every now and then, in the shape of "What are we going to do with those boys? Those classes in our own school who are beginning to be afraid of being called children, and to suspect that they are too old to come to Sunday-school; what shall we do with them?"

Our attempt at solving the problem was in this fashion: A large class was formed and a separate room given them. Though something of accurate grading must be lost in a large class, yet there is a compensating gain. Many a boy of sixteen will attend a class of twenty-five who could not be induced to be one of six. Then the boys had a name of their own. They were named after one of the heroes of their own church history. That put the apparent responsibility of the class upon the boys themselves, rather than upon their teacher.

When the secretary reads the report of the collection and attendance of the Knox Class or the Wesley Class, the boys feel that the responsibility of success or failure rests on their own shoulders, and they do not if he says Mr. Smith's or Miss Brown's class.

A lady was placed in charge of our class, with a young gentleman as her assistant. The limits of age were placed at fourteen and eighteen. At the former age boys were transferred from the main department of the school. The boys there soon learned to look forward to this promotion. It became an incentive to attendance and attention there. At eighteen, the boys were allowed to enter the Young People's Bible Class. From the class were chosen a secretary, treasurer, and librarian, as the boys were fortunate enough to obtain a library of their own.

Once in a while the class had a social at a private house, which the teachers aimed to make as attractive as possible.

The real problem which confronted the teacher was, to hold and interest the boys during the Sunday morning hour, and then to gain from them some Bible study.

The forty minutes which the class had to themselves while their doors were closed, was divided into two parts. The time of what Joseph Cook would call the prelude was taken up by lessons in Bible geography with the aid of wall maps and sketch maps drawn on the blackboard by different scholars, or lessons upon the Bible in general, its divisions, names, authors, and similar topics. All the devices learned in Sunday-school conventions and normal classes were freely used, together with others invented for the occasion.

Then we had talks upon ancient Bible manuscripts and the early translations, with blackboard examples of the appearance of the one, and the English of the other. Or we took up topics suggested by the lesson, as the temple, illustrating it with diagrams and pictures. Our own church history and heroes were not forgotten. On missionary Sundays, the first in each month, missionary facts or figures were in order. Occasionally our best reader gave us an appropriate poem, or a vivid picture from Ben Hur or Geikie's Life of Christ. Once in a while the pastor, or some outside person, was invited to give the boys a talk upon some suitable subject.

Two principles were kept constantly in mind. First, curiosity is an important aid to interest. We never told beforehand what we were going to do, and a constant effort was made to avoid monotony. While keeping the same general aim, the methods were varied as much as possible.

Second, the more a boy can be persuaded to do, the greater will be his interest. To induce the boys to do some studying, questions upon the next lesson were given to different boys, and answers called for the next Sunday. A general question was placed upon the blackboard for the whole class. Sometimes this was a "Bible search question," and sometimes a subject or word for which to find a Bible reference. The secretary credited the boys answering these with an "honor." At the end of each quarter a report of these was made. The boys having the "highest honors" had their names placed on the "Honor List," which was hung on the wall of the class-room during the next quarter. At Christmas, the two boys having the most "honors" during the year, were presented, much to their surprise, with a handsome Bible, while each boy was given a *Sunday-School Times* Lesson Calendar.

And so, with many devices, and the expenditure of a nearly unlimited amount of time and thought, we experimented upon the solution of our problem.—*Sunday-School Times.*

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From International Question Book.)

LESSON IX.—DECEMBER 2.

ISRAEL UNDER JUDGES.—Judg. 2; 11-23.

COMMIT VERSES 11, 12.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief, in departing from the living God.—Heb. 3: 12.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

To depart from God is the way to ruin.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Judg. 1: 1-20.
T. Judg. 2: 1-10.
W. Judg. 2: 11-23.
Th. Deut. 3: 23-40.
F. Prov. 1: 10-33.
Sa. Ps. 107: 1-21.
Su. Heb. 12: 1-11.

TIME.—The period of the Judges extended over 330 years from the death of Joshua, B.C. 1426, to the inauguration of Saul, B.C. 1095.

THE BOOK OF JUDGES.—(1) So named because *it is a record of the doings of the Judges.* (2) Its author was probably Samuel. At least it was written under his supervision. (3) It was written probably during the reign of Saul, or first seven years of David's reign, B.C. 1075-1048. (4) It extends over about 280 years to the birth of Samuel, B.C. 1146. There was no king or president, but the high-priest was the religious head of the nation. Each tribe was independent. Each town governed itself. There was no standing army. This was the worship of God according to the law of Moses. All the tribes were bound together by the duty of coming up to the tabernacle at Shiloh three times a year. The priests and Levites were the religious teachers and educators of the people. Many of the inhabitants, idolaters, remained in Israel, and were a means of temptation as well as of suffering. Idolatry, by its visible deity, its splendid ritual, its license to every passion, attracted away many of the Israelites.

CIRCUMSTANCES.—This lesson is a picture, giving a bird's-eye view of the whole period of the Judges for 330 years, the details of which are given in the rest of the book, and in Samuel.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

11. *Baalim:* the plural of Baal, *i.e.*, lord or master. Baal was the sun-god. The plural form is used either from the number of his images, or, from his different offices, as Baal-Zebub, protector from flies; Baal-Peor, etc., or as a sign of honor. 12. *Bowed themselves:* prostrated themselves *before the idol in worship. Anger:* indignation at their sin and folly, and the disposition to punish. 13. *Ashtaroth:* plural of Ashtoreth, the female divinity corresponding to Baal. The goddess of the moon. Both Baal and Asthoreth were worshipped with vile licentious rites. 15. *As the Lord had said:* Lev. 26: 15-17. Deut. 28: 25. 16. *Judges:* leaders raised up in an emergency, who, thus brought into prominence, continued to exercise influence and authority. There were 15 Judges. 19. *Their own doings: the way they thought happiest, instead* of God's way.

SUBJECT: BACKSLIDING AND ITS FRUITS.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE BACKSLIDING PEOPLE (vs. 11-13).—How did the Israelites treat their God? What had God done for them that made this forsaking God so much the worse? What idols did they worship? What account can you give of Baal and Ashtaroth? Who tempted them to this sin? (vs. 21, 22.) What neglect helped on this evil? (v. 10; Deut. 6: 6-9.) Is there great danger now in evil associates? For what idols do people now forsake God? What is backsliding? What leads to it in these days?

II. THE CONSEQUENCE OF BACKSLIDING (vs. 14, 15).—What is meant by "the anger of the Lord"? How were the Israelites punished? Through whom? (vs. 20-23.) Who are meant by the "spoilers"? Through whom only could the Israelites be safe and victorious? Where had the results of forsaking God been foretold? (Lev. 26: 15-17: Deut. 28: 15, 25.) What results now follow forsaking God? Does the punishment of sin often come through natural causes? Is it still from God? Can any one finally succeed with the hand of God against him?

III. EFFORTS TO SAVE THE PEOPLE FROM THEIR SIN (vs. 16-23).—What was God's object in punishing the Israelites? (Deut. 8: 2.) Does God wish to harm the wicked? (Ezek. 18-32.) What did he do to help the people? (v. 16.) Who and what were these judges? How did the people act in view of God's goodness? Did God show great patience and loving kindness? Is God still patient with sinners? (Ps. 78: 38; 86: 15; Lam. 3: 22.) Can they be saved unless they forsake their sins?

IV. NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—What is said of backsliders in Rev. 2: 4, 5. What do we learn of God's long suffering toward us? (2 Pet. 3: 9; Matt. 5: 45; John 3: 17.)

What has God done to lead us to repentance? (Rom. 2: 4; John 3: 14-16.) Are afflictions and sorrows meant for our good? (Heb. 12: 10, 11; 1 Pet. 1: 7; 2 Cor. 4: 17, 18.)

LESSON X.—DECEMBER 9.

GIDEON'S ARMY.—Judg. 7: 1-8.

COMMIT VERSES 2, 3.

GOLDEN TEXT.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech. 4: 6.

CENTRAL TRUTH.

God can give the victory to the fewest numbers and the feeblest instrumentalities.

DAILY READINGS.

M. Judg. 3: 1-31.
T. Judg. 4: 1-24.
W. Judg. 5: 1-21.
Th. Judg. 6: 1-40.
F. Judg. 7: 1-25.
Sa. Deut. 8: 10-20.
Su. Eph. 6: 10-24.

TIME.—About B.C. 1222. Two hundred years after our last lesson. Gideon was judge from B.C. 1222-1182.

PLACE.—Gideon's home was in Ophrah, in Manasseh. The battle was fought in the valley at the foot of Mount Gilboa, 15 or 20 miles southwest of the Sea of Galilee.

GIDEON (hewer down) was Joash the son of Abiezrite (*i.e.*, descendant of Abiezer.) He was born at Ophrah, in the tribe of Manasseh, about 1260 years before Christ. He judged Israel for forty years (Judg. 8: 28), and the nation enjoyed peace and prosperity under his rule, and worshipped the true God. He was one of the greatest of the judges.

THE MIDIANITES.—Descendants of Abraham through the fourth son of his wife Keturah. They lived east of the Jordan and the Dead Sea.

INTRODUCTION.—Two hundred years have passed since the death of Joshua. The northern tribes have now been suffering for seven years under the depredations of the Midianites, who have carried away their cattle and destroyed their harvests. To-day's lesson gives an account of the deliverance God sent them when they repented.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.

1. *Jerubbaal: i.e.*, one who contends against Baal. Gideon was so named from his casting down Baal's altar. (See Judg. 6: 24-32.) *Harod ..... Moreh:* a fountain and a hill in the valley of Jezreel, at the base of Mount Gilboa. 3. *Whosoever afraid:* at the sight of the multitude of the Midianites. 5. *Lappeth:* brought the water to his mouth in his hand without stopping in his march, showing earnestness and activity and prudence, as not putting himself in the power of the enemy by lying down. 8. *Trumpets:* each of the three hundred had a torch, which he hid in a pitcher as a dark lantern, and a trumpet which was usually in the hands only of leaders, so that there seemed to be 300 chieftains. The blare of the trumpets and the crash of the pitchers confused the Midianites. (See the rest of the chapter.)

SUBJECT: THE SOLDIERS OF THE LORD.

QUESTIONS.

I. THE ENEMY TO BE OVERCOME.—What enemy was now oppressing the Israelites? For how long? (Judg. 6: 1.) How had they treated Israel? (Judg. 6: 2-6.) Where were the enemy now encamped? How many soldiers in their army? (8: 10.) What great enemies have we to fight (Eph. 6: 12; 1 John 2: 15, 16.) Is their oppression of us as evil as that of the Midianites?

II. THE PREPARATION OF THE LEADER (v. 1.)—Who was Gideon? What was his appearance? (8: 18.) Why was he called Jerubbaal? (Judg. 6: 24-32.) How was this transaction a preparation of Gideon for his future work? (Luke 16: 10.) What other preparation had he? (Judg. 6: 11-14.) What kind of a man was he before he was called? (Judg. 6: 12.) Was this a reason why he had further aid? How did the Lord strengthen his faith? (Judg. 6: 36-40.) Are we all called to be soldiers of Christ? (Eph. 6: 11.) In what ways? How are we prepared for our future work.

III. THE PREPARATION OF THE ARMY (vs. 1-8.)—Who was summoned by Gideon to form his army? (6: 34; 35.) How large was his army? (v. 3.) How did it compare with that of the enemy? Point out the situation of the two armies. Why was Gideon's army too large? What test was applied to see who should remain? How many were left? By what test were these tried? Describe the mode of drinking by "lapping." Did this act show any moral qualities? Is our character shown in our smallest acts? How were the 300 armed? (Judg. 7: 16.) What was the object of the trumpets? of the lamps? of the pitchers? What does each of these typify as weapons in our warfare for Christ?

IV. THE VICTORY.—How did God encourage Gideon's faith? (Judg. 7: 10-15.) How did Gideon arrange his little band? Give an account of the battle.

NEW TESTAMENT LIGHT.—To what is Gideon's victory attributed in Heb. 11: 32, 33? What did Gideon say to his soldiers? (Judg. 7: 17.) Should every teacher be able to say so to his pupils? (1 Cor. 11: 1.) Has God gained victories for Christianity with as feeble means as Gideon used? (1 Cor. 1: 27, 28.) What qualities should be in the Christian soldier? (Eph. 6: 14-18; Rom. 13: 12.)

LESSON CALENDAR.

(Fourth Quarter, 1888.)

1. Oct. 7.—The Commission of Joshua.—Josh. 1: 1-9.
2. Oct. 14.—Crossing the Jordan.—Josh. 3: 5-17.
3. Oct. 21.—The Stones of Memorial.—Josh. 4: 10-24.
4. Oct. 28.—The Fall of Jericho.—Josh. 6: 1-16.
5. Nov. 4.—Defeat at Ai.—Josh. 7: 1-12.
6. Nov. 11.—Caleb's Inheritance.—Josh. 14: 5-15.
7. Nov. 18.—Helping One Another.—Josh. 21: 43-45 and 22: 1-6.
8. Nov. 25.—The Covenant Renewed.—Josh. 24: 19-28.
9. **Dec. 2:—Israel under Judges:—Judges 2: 11-23.**
10. **Dec. 9.—Gideon's Army:—Judges 7: 1-8.**

THE HOUSEHOLD.

TACT IN MANAGING CHILDREN.

Mothers, don't ever put your darlings down cellar or frighten them in any way in order to punish them. The poor things have trouble enough any way. Little troubles are big mountains to them. Don't put them in a dark closet and tell them that a rat or mouse or, perhaps, a big black bear will eat them if they aren't good and don't stop crying. It is cruel, and you may some day have it to mourn over as did a very unwise mother some years ago, who put a timid child down cellar for some offence. After a time, thinking he was punished enough, she went down and finding him lying down lifted him and took him upstairs, thinking he had fallen asleep. What was her horror to find the child in a fit! The poor little fellow couldn't stand such rough treatment. He came out of the fit only to remain an idiot all his life.

It is a sad sight to see a worn-out mother with dear little children around her. She is tired and gives one child a slap, boxes one on the ear with, "Take that, you little scamp, and get out of the way all of you, you little plagues." Doesn't it break your hearts, you weary mothers, to see the pitiful little faces as they slink away? How can children love such a mother? She doesn't mean to abuse her children, but has her work to do. I know a number of such mothers.

One trouble is that girls marry too young. They do not control themselves. And if they are poor men's wives, they have to work hard and do without many comforts. Many are not Christians, and they have no one to look to in their troubles, and when they are discouraged, they give way and scold; and then if a child comes in with joy or grief they get no kind words or loving looks from their mother. In turn, they get discouraged and quarrel or get into mischief; then come more slaps and cross words. Every mother ought to be a Christian. Then she could tell her trouble and her heartaches to her Heavenly Father and get strength to bear her burdens.

I think we should not notice everything a child does and be always saying, "Don't do that, Johnny," or "Don't go there," or "What are you doing? In some mischief I'll be bound." Why, a child hardly knows what to do. Just give him a hammer and a handful of nails and a piece of board and see how happy the little fellow will be. Tell him to make mamma a box, if he is large enough to drive a nail and has a few small pieces of board. I well remember the first box my oldest boy made, and you may be sure he was happy enough when he brought it to mamma and she praised it. We could not look forward to the day when that same boy would build father and mother a nice house, but it has come true all the same. Many think nails wasted, and won't let a child have a hammer; but how can a boy learn to use tools unless he has them to handle and get used to them. Give each one a small piece of ground if in the country, and tell them they may have what they raise on it for their own use. Give them good seed; teach them how to plant and take care of their little patch. It won't cost you so much time and trouble as it does to watch and keep them out of mischief. Try it and see.

Don't think I have forgotten the girls, bless their little hearts! Give them a small box. Yes, give the three-year-olds thread, thimble and needles, also pretty pieces of calico. Let them make dolls' clothes. I did that way. Some of the neighbors would say, "Why do you give that child such large pieces to cut up and waste?" But she didn't destroy her cloth. She made all dolly's clothes with very little help; and, with bits of old silk and ribbons, she made pretty dolls' hats. And now that she is grown up, she cuts and makes her own dresses and trims her hats.

Mothers, it pays to give your children something to do; then they won't make you so much trouble, and will be learning something that will be a benefit to them and to you when grown up. Perhaps I have said too much on this subject; but I have seen so many children sent out of doors to play all day long, not learning anything, or sent to the neighbors to get them out of mother's and father's way, that it makes me indignant. It is a shame and those parents will have to suffer some day.—*Housekeeper.*

THE BOY.

BY REV. A. E. WINSHIP,
Editor of the Journal of Education.

DON'T.

With many parents, teachers, preachers, and Sunday school managers, the leading thought regarding a boy from fourteen to seventeen is about what he should not do. Susie told her mother she wanted to play with "Emma Don't."

"With whom?" said the surprised mother.

"With 'Emma Don't.' That is what her mother always calls her," replied the child.

Emma has a small army of brothers and a reunion of the young people of the "Don't" family would be greater than that of the Smiths.

So great is this negative tendency that the most popular book recently written for parents to give their children is appropriately styled "Don't."

It is a misfortune for the church to have a man who thinks it his mission to follow the boys at the church sociable, with an irritable "Be still!" "Here, here!" "Don't stand there!" "What are you doing?" "Can't you behave?" If there is in the world a worse thing than the saloon, it is a man who kicks boys out of church into the saloon. If we have told the boy not to drink beer, not to stand on the street corner, not to smoke,—if we have succeeded in scolding him heroically for these things, we congratulate ourselves upon having done the Lord's will. The young man ought to do none of these things, but he should never think it any special virtue not to do them. It would have been as reasonable, in war times, to have offered a bounty to men not to go into the ranks of the enemy. We gave a bounty to men who enlisted with us and fought for us.

A man may not drink, gamble, or go to a theatre, and yet be a "mighty mean man." The meanest man I ever knew was yet a saint in all these regards. He did not so much as play cards, go to a circus, or ride in a smoking-car.

It is highly creditable to uproot weeds for the sake of the corn, but where there is no crop, it is poor business to pull weeds for the sake of the weeds. It never raised a penny's worth of anything for man or beast.

Rousseau says: "Countries in which children are swadled, swarm with hunchbacks, with cripples, with persons crook-kneed, stunted, rickety, deformed in all kinds of ways. We cripple lest they lame themselves." This is even more true mentally and morally. Much of our don't philosophy, much of our scolding, petting, and irritation is merely an attempt at moral swaddling. We cripple, crook, stunt, and deform them in order that they may not do it themselves. When the baby cries without apparant cause, the first thing the mother does is to see if his clothes are too tight. Every parent would do well, when his boy starts wrong, to see if his own negative method, the swaddling-clothes, were not in part responsible for it.

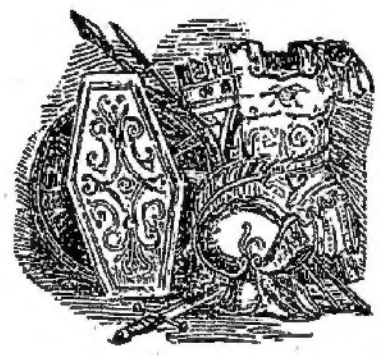
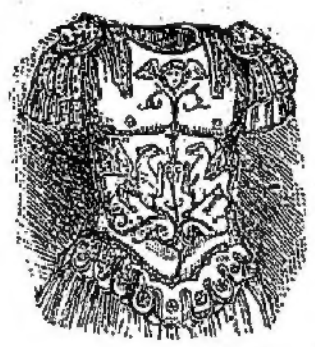
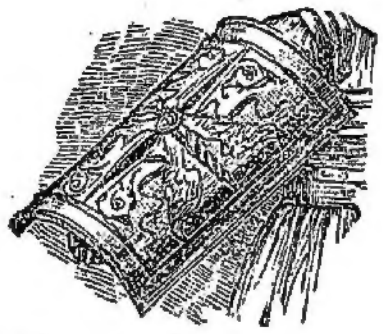
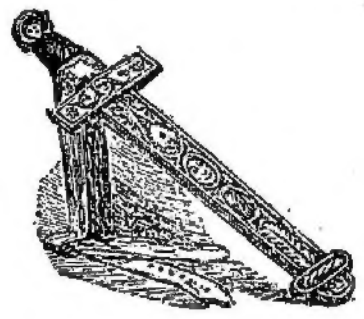
There is great need of positive treatment. If the boy has the element of nobility, if he is instinct with noble sentiment, high resolve and exalted purpose, life will be too full of the good, the true, the right, to have time or taste for the bad, the false, the wrong.

I once found a New West Education Commission teacher, in Utah, who was teaching so much Scripture that it seemed as though she must neglect the regular school work, but she replied that it took less time than it used to scold. "I have stopped all scolding, and take the time I save for teaching the Bible." It is needless to add that it was one of the best schools, in spirit and behavior, I ever saw.

If we would all stop scolding, fretting, saying "Don't;" would cease this purely negative work; would stop crippling by swaddling, we might have time to strengthen and ennoble by positive effort, giving all the character-training necessary for the best manhood.—*Golden Rule.*

PUZZLES.—No. 24.

HIEROGLYPHICS.

Put on the whole  of God. Having on the  of righteousness. Above all, taking the  of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the of salvation and the  of the Spirit, which is the word of God.

Read the above verse correctly and tell where it is to be found.

OUR MOTHER.

Wise is the mother who dresses herself prettily for the sake of appearing well in the eyes of her children. Who does not remember the pretty things that "mother" wore? Her dainty laces and pale lilac dresses, the scent of violets, the rose tucked under the lace on her breast, seem half divine when they become but memories to us. "Mother" is "mother," be she gentle or rough, but what a different ideal we have when we recall how proud we were when we brought our friends home from school and surprised them with her graceful, pretty ways. Her hair was so soft, her eyes so tender, she talked so well, and knew how to make a boy feel at home. It was not necessary to make excuses for her and say she was so busy. The other boys themselves praised her, and we felt sorry for them, because we knew they must feel how much sweeter and prettier she was than their mothers. Mothers can hardly do too much for the sake of making themselves and home attractive to the little ones; to read for their sake, to learn to talk well and to live in to-day. The circle the mother draws round her is more wholesome for the child than the one he has made for himself, and she is responsible for his social surroundings. It is not easy to be the child's most interesting companion and to make his home the strongest magnet, but the mothers who have done this have been the mothers of good men.—*Christian at Work.*

A SAVE ALL.

A large wall bag to a housekeeper is what a desk full of pigeon holes is to a business man. It is a large piece of strong gray drilling with a dozen (more or less) pockets sewed on, three rows of four pockets, or four rows of three, according as you have a long or broad wall space on which to hang it. These pockets are from six inches deep and five broad to twelve by ten, according to the stowing room you require; they are stitched on, and on each is written in plain letters with ink, the contents; for instance, buttons, tapes, ribbons, braids, curtain rings, etc.; in short, all the articles that may be too useful to throw away, yet, because they are not new or seldom used, may not find a place in the work basket. Ribbons a little soiled, just the thing to line or bind or strengthen some article; tapes still strong or buttons for a garment old-fashioned, but sure to come in again; odd buttons, too, that only encumber the regular button box. All the odds and ends we may think it a duty to keep, if we have a thrifty soul, yet which are a nuisance if we constantly come across them, may find appropriate homes in these bags.—*Woman.*

EDUCATIONAL RULES.

Do not allow any frightful illustrations in your child's nursery books.

Never use fear as a means of discipline. Children have no fear until it is aroused by others.

Before punishing, find out if some physical trouble is the cause of bad behavior.

Do nor punish in anger.

Do not allow the child to do at one time what you forbid him to do at another.

An obstinate, wilful child should be commanded and forbidden less than one more yielding, while they are very young; it is never wise to arouse obstinacy.

Do not ask any little child to do what you well know will be disagreeable for him to perform, and only serve to please yourself, such as reciting before company, or saying things which are polite, but unnecessary.

Do not allow any teasing: what may seem a trifle to you is not so to the child. —*Mrs. Louise Pollock, Principal of Kindergarten Normal Institute, Washington, D.C.*

WALNUT CAKE.—One cup of sugar, two eggs, one fourth cup of butter, one cup of hulled walnuts, one cup of sweet milk, two heaping teaspoons of baking powder, sifted in two cups of flour. Flavor to taste. A frosting made of the white of an egg and one half cup of sugar improves the looks of it very much.

BOILED HAM.—Soak in water over night. Next morning wash hard with a coarse cloth or stiff brush, and put on to boil with plenty of cold water. Allow a quarter of an hour to each pound in cooking, and do not boil too fast. Do not remove the skin until cold; it will come off easily and cleanly then, and the juices are better preserved than when it is stripped hot. Cut very thin when carving.

CREAMED RICE.—This is an excellent and cheap dessert. Boil a cup of rice in new milk; when about half done add the yellow rind of a lemon cut fine and a little grated nutmeg. Sweeten to taste; when very thick and tender pour into small cups; when quite cold turn it out and pour over it some thick and sweetened cream or stewed fruit. It is delicious with a mixture of currants and raspberries stewed.

The Family Circle.

SUNDAY NIGHT.

Rest him, O Father! Thou didst send him forth
With great and gracious messages of love;
But thy ambassador is weary now,
Worn with the weight of his high embassy.
Now care for him as thou hast cared for us
In sending him: and cause him to lie down
In thy fresh pastures, by thy streams of peace.
Let thy left hand be now beneath his head,
And thine upholding right encircle him,
And, underneath, the everlasting arms
Be felt in full support. So let him rest,
Hushed like a little child, without one care;
And so give thy beloved sleep to-night.

Rest him, dear Master! He hath poured for us
The wine of joy and we have been refreshed.
Now fill his chalice, give him sweet new draughts
Of life and love, with thine own hand; be thou
His ministrant to-night; draw very near
In all thy tenderness and all thy power.
Oh speak to him! Thou knowest how to speak
A word in season to thy weary ones.
And he is weary now. Thou lovest him,
Let thy disciple lean upon thy breast,
And, leaning, gain new strength to "rise and shine."

Rest him, O Loving Spirit! Let thy calm
Fall on his soul to-night, O Holy Dove,
Spread thy bright wing above him, let him rest
Beneath its shadows; let him know afresh
The infinite truth and might of thy dear name.
"Our comforter!" As gentlest touch will stay
The strong vibrations of a jarring chord,
So lay thy hand upon his heart, and still
Each overstraining throb, each pulsing pain.
Then in the stillness, breathe upon the strings,
And let thy holy music overflow
With soothing power his listening, resting soul.
—*Selected.*

THE STORY OF A HELIOTROPE.

How would any little girl who reads this like to be the only little girl in a whole town? To be sure Timberline wasn't a very large town; there were but three or four hundred people in it; but Maida Haven was the only little girl in the place.

Timberline was the name of a mining town, or camp, away up near the top of one of the most dreary and desolate of the Rocky Mountains. It was on the slope of the mountain just at the point where it was too rocky and barren even for trees to grow, and that was why they called it Timberline.

The houses were all of rough logs, and few of them had more than one room, with one door and one window. Mr. Haven, Maida's father, had built a rough little log-cabin about like the others, and had sent back to Ohio for his wife and little girl to come and live in it with him. Few of the miners and prospectors living in the new mining town of Timberline had sent for their families. They said that Timberline "wa'n't no fit place for wimmen an' children;" but Mrs. Haven insisted on being with her husband, and, as she was not very strong, the doctor said the bracing air of the mountains would do her good.

So one June day when the rumbling old stage slowly made its way up to Timberline, Mrs. Haven and Maida, then ten years old, were among the passengers.

Mr. Haven had not seen them for more than a year, and you may be sure they were warmly welcomed; and the novelty of their surroundings, and their joy at meeting Mr. Haven, made them think that Timberline was quite a pleasant little town, dreary as its every aspect was.

"What have you wrapped up so carefully in that paper?" asked Mr. Haven of Maida, soon after they arrived at the little cabin.

"That," said Mrs. Haven in reply, "is a little slip of heliotrope that the child just would bring with her all the way from home; she had a large, beautiful plant of it all in full bloom, and it was the only thing she cried about leaving. She teased so to bring a little slip of it, that I put one in a little pot for her, and she has watched it all the way as if it were a baby. I told her I didn't think it would live in this climate."

"I don't know why not," said Mr. Haven. "We have sunshine here almost every day in the year, and the window of our cabin is on the sunny side. I'm glad my little girl brought it. A bit of something green growing in the window will brighten the old cabin up wonderfully, and it reminds me of the old home more than anything else could."

So Maida was very glad she had brought the bit of heliotrope with her, and it was wonderful how the little slip grew; for the sun came in, warm and bright, through the little window, almost every day, and the plant grew steadily.

It was never very warm away up there on the mountain tops, but on the warmest days Maida set the little pot out on a flat rock before the door, where it grew and swayed gently in the soft mountain air. But it had to be taken in every night, for a heavy frost in midsummer was not an uncommon thing up there at Timberline.

Mrs. Haven hung a pair of snowy white curtains at the little window, and put the thrifty little plant between them, its dark, pretty leaves showing effectively against the white background.

It was the only plant there was in the town. The few women there were in the little dreary camp, would go out of their way, as they went to and from "the store," to see the plant. It had "such a homey look," one of them said; and the miners going by the cabin noticed the flower, and some of them said to Maida:

"Where'd you git yer posey, little gal?"

One of them offered her ten dollars for it; but she said "no" very soberly, for Mr. Haven was a poor man, and ten dollars was a little fortune in Maida's eyes. The first bunch of delicate feathery blossoms that came on the plant was cut off very carefully and tenderly by Maida, and carried to a neighboring cabin to lay in the tiny waxen hand a little boy baby who had lived but a week.

When the next blossoms came, a minister going over the mountains in a missionary spirit came to Timberline and began preaching in a deserted cabin. His pulpit stand was an inverted dry-goods box with a colored tablecloth over it; and every Sunday, Maida's heliotrope, with its bunches of feathery flowers, added its charm and gracefulness to the little pulpit.

When October came, the plant, now tall and thrifty, was one mass of exquisitely beautiful and fragrant flowers.

One day the owner of the only valuable mine at Timberline came to the little camp. He brought with him his young wife, a handsome lady, who had begged to come to a real mining camp; and her husband had laughingly consented to bring her, warning her beforehand that she was would have to "rough it" for the few days they were to stay in the place.

The day after their arrival she was taken dangerously ill. They sent twenty miles for a doctor, and did all they could for the suffering woman, but for several days her life was despaired of, and, when she was at last pronounced out of danger, the doctors said it would be several weeks before she could be moved.

"She'll have a pretty dreary time of it down there in that little old hotel," said a woman to Mrs. Haven.

"It is, indeed, a poor place for any one to be sick in," said Mrs. Haven, "but I don't see how it could be fixed up much now. Her husband has sent to Denver for everything he could think of, but it'll be some time before they get here. I've been down and fixed things up the best I could."

It was an unusually warm day for October, and Maida's heliotrope was out on the flat bowlder in the bright sunshine; she went slowly out to it, and said softly and earnestly:

"Yes, you'll have to go. I don't know how I'm ever to give you up, but she's dreadful sick, and she needs you mor'n I do; so you must go."

There were tears in her eyes as she said it, and the tears were still there, and her eyes shining, when, ten minutes later, the door of the sick lady's room opened softly, and Maida came in with the beautiful plant in her hands.

"Here," she said quietly, "I bring you this. They said there wasn't nothing pretty here; and this is pretty, ain't it? So I brung it to you."

"O John!" said the lady, "my favorite flower! Isn't it lovely? Where could the child have found it? And where did the dear little soul herself come from? I didn't suppose there were any children away up here. How beautiful the flower is! You are a dear, good, kind little girl to think of me."

"What is your name, little girl?" asked Mr. Lee.

"Maida Haven."

"Oh! you're William Haven's little girl? He works at the mine, and is one of our best men. I think you are your father's daughter. Well, you are a very, very kind and good little girl, and we shall not soon forget you."

"You can't think how your flower brightens the room up," said the lady. "I do believe it has done me good already. You are a real little Samaritan going about doing good, and you must come and see me again."

"A little Samaritan," Maida kept repeating to herself going home. She knew all about the good Samaritan of old, but could not understand how she had been in the least like him.

Hers was the good deed done without thought or hope of reward, the little kindness that does not, in our worldly way of thinking, count for much; but God sees it, and records it in the book of his remembrance.

The heliotrope came back to Maida again in a few weeks, when Mrs. Lee was well enough to go away. Its next wealth of blossoms was held in the hand of the first bride ever married in Timberline.

"I declare," said Mrs. Haven one day, "your heliotrope is really a missionary flower. I don't believe we can know just how much good it has done or how much better it has made us and others in this dreary little place. It often cheers me up to see its feathery blossoms nodding out there in the sunshine."

Slips of the plant were given freely to all who asked for them, and soon there were plants in all the cabin windows where there were women. Even one or two of the men living alone took slips, and cared for them. "It kind o' reminds a fellow of home," they said; and when men are far away from home and all its restraints, the things that bring home to their remembrance must be good and helpful and comforting to them, so that I rather think myself that Maida's flower was "a real little missionary."—*Sunday-School Times.*

WHAT SAVED HIM.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, tolled out the academy clock.

"Phew!" exclaimed Joe Phillips in dismay, "I should like to know where this hour has gone to. I hadn't an idea that it was more than ten minutes since I sat down. Only twenty minutes more before recitation. I can't begin to get my lesson in that time. I wish that Dick never had lent me that horrid old book, I do." And Joe gave a suspicious-looking yellow-covered book an impatient toss into the farther corner of the room. In his heart he knew that Joe Phillips and not Dick Foster was mostly to blame in the matter.

He knew when he took it that it did not look like the kind of book that his mother would like him to read, and he certainly had no business to touch it this morning in study hour. But he was right in a very exciting part, he had only intended to read a page or two at the most, just enough to find if the hero escaped alive from the peril which threatened him, but before he knew it almost the whole hour had gone by. In twenty minutes he must go to his class, and his lesson was but half prepared.

He had not had an imperfect mark this term, and he did so want to take home a perfect report, it would please mother so; dear mother, who had cheerfully sacrificed so much to be able to send him here—it was a shame in him to be so careless.

If Joe had been a girl I believe he would have fairly cried with vexation and disappointment. As it was, he bit his lips hard, and kicked the little hassock at his feet as vigorously as though that had been the cause of his trouble. "What in the world can I do? I do just hate to go and get a bad mark. Poor little mother. She won't find a word of fault, but she will look so disappointed," and Joe gave the unconscious hassock a harder thrust than ever. A second later Joe sat bolt upright in his chair, with a look in which relief, dismay and uncertainty chased one another across his face in quick succession. That something or somebody who is always at hand in our moments of weakness when we are most susceptible to temptation, had whispered a suggestion in Joe's ear.

"Why not help yourself a little, just for to-day, you know? You've never done it before, and you need never again. You wouldn't now only for your mother's sake. A few words on a bit of paper or inside your cuff, and you will pull through all right. If you feel troubled about it, you can stay in recreation hour and get your lesson as thoroughly as you please; that will make it all right any way."

But down in his heart of hearts Joe knew that if he did it, nothing could make it all right again; he should always have to remember that he had cheated.

"But it is for mother's sake," he pleaded, "to save her from being disappointed, and it's only for this once. I'll never get caught so again."

It was a sore temptation for Joe. He had so set his heart on carrying a perfect report home to his mother, she had been so pleased when he had told her in his weekly letters that, so far, he had not had a bad mark. If he had only a better excuse to offer he would not care so much. What harm could there be in just helping himself in a few of the hardest places? Lots of boys did. He would certainly get the lesson perfectly that very afternoon.

Three, four, five minutes were gone, and Joe was still parleying with the tempter, six—he had taken his pencil up—seven—he was writing rapidly on a bit of paper, but his face was flushed and uneasy.

Suddenly he started and thrust his bit of paper out of sight. There was a footstep in the hall, but it passed his door, and Joe, taking out his paper, was going to resume his writing when his eyes fell on his mother's picture. It seemed to him that she was looking at him very sadly and reproachfully. Somehow it troubled him so that he could not write, and rising, he went to the mantel and was just about to turn the pictured face to the wall, when there flashed into his mind an incident of childhood. He had done something which he knew was wrong, and he was trying to hide it from his mother, but she had found him out, and he had never forgotten what she said: "There is one thing I want you to remember always. As you grow older you will be away from mother more and more, and you will do many things that I shall never know about, but, laddie, though you can hide your thoughts and acts from me, there is One who will know them all. You can hide nothing from him. 'Thou God seest me.' Remember that, Joe, his eye will be on you always."

Joe did remember it now, and stood still in dismay. He might turn away his mother's picture, she need never know that he had done this wrong act, but God would see him all the time. Could he, remembering that, write those papers, carry them down to the class with him and use them? Perhaps more depended upon Joe's decision than he realized then. I believe he thought so in after years. I fancy if he had yielded to the tempter there, he would have found it hard to have resisted him again. But he did not yield; he went back to his table, took the bits of paper and tore them to atoms; then he studied for dear life until the recitation bell rang.

He told his mother all about it when he went home.

"You don't know how queer I felt, mother. In the first place, all I thought of was you. I couldn't bear to have even your picture looking at me, and then when I went to turn that away I remembered what you said to me that time when I was a little shaver about God's seeing me always, and—I don't know—it seemed so real that I couldn't do it then."

"I am glad of it, my boy; I am sorry about the mark, but not one tenth part as sorry as I should be if you had gained a perfect one dishonestly. Remember, Joe, you may deceive those about you. You may hide your acts from me, but you can never, with all the cunning in the world, hide anything from God. His eye is always upon you. Think of that when you are tempted to do wrong."

"I will," promised Joe earnestly, and he kept his promise. Many a time in after years he remembered it, and was prevented by the thought from yielding to temptation.
—*Christian Intelligencer.*

INSHTA THEAMBA OR "BRIGHT EYES."

MRS. T. H. TIBBLES.

"Bright Eyes" is a North American Indian, daughter of Inshta Muzze, "Iron Eye," the head chief of the Omaha Tribe. At the time of her birth the Omahas were a wild tribe of Indians, scarcely advanced beyond the Stone age, and it has been a wonder to all who have become acquainted with her, especially to those who believe that man must advance by slow stages of progress, to see this Indian girl all at once appear in the highest circles of society in the States, speaking to audiences of the highest culture, in a way to command the attention of the closest thinkers. It demonstrates beyond contradiction the truth of Paul's saying, that all men are of one blood, and that the untutored savage, placed under the influences of Christianity and surrounded by the environment of civilization, may become the equal of races who have an inheritance of a thousand years of culture behind them.

The Omaha tribe inhabited a large tract of country in the north-eastern part of what is now the State of Nebraska. When the first missionary arrived among them, he was kindly received. Her father, the head chief, was the first man in the tribe to unite with the church, and from that day to this he has used all his energies to secure an education for his children. He sent "Bright Eyes" to the little mission school, where she first learned English and acquired the merest rudiments of an English education. While at this mission, a Government agent of the Indians suppressed the school, and the children were dispersed and sent back to their tents and lodges.

A lady who had become acquainted with her, thinking it would be a pleasant thing to have a little Indian girl for a correspondent, asked her to write to her. Letters passed between the two for some months, when "Bright Eyes" in one of her letters expressed her ardent desire for an education that she might be able to teach and help her people. The lady showed this letter to Miss Read, of Elizabeth, in New Jersey, the principal of a fashionable ladies' boarding school. Miss Read offered to take the little Indian girl and educate her, and notice was sent to her father. He immediately accepted the generous offer. "Bright Eyes" went, and at the end of two years she took the first prize in English composition, in a competition where the daughters of some of the wealthiest and best educated people in the United States were her competitors.

The two years after her first return to her tribe she often refers to as the saddest of her life. Here was a young girl, the only educated person in the whole tribe, without friends, penniless and unsupported. What could she do for her people? The tribe, in the meantime, had been moved to a reservation. The Omahas could no longer follow their original occupation of hunting. They knew nothing of agriculture, they had no implements or tools of any sort to cultivate the land with, and the greatest destitution reigned everywhere among them. Her own family were often suffering from hunger, and there seemed to be no hope for the future. In the treaties made with the tribe, the Government had bound itself to their education, and two miserable day schools were in operation, the teachers being ward politicians, without any qualifications for their places. She resolved to apply for one of these day schools. The authorities in Washington paid no attention to her letters.

At last she wrote them saying that the Government professed to desire the education and Christianizing of the Indians, but their whole dealings seemed to indicate their desire utterly to exterminate them, and if no attention was paid to her letters she would make an appeal for sympathy in the public journals. The letter was a caustic epistle, and brought an immediate reply from the authorities at Washington. The Commissioner said he could not appoint her unless she could furnish certificates of a good character. (The thing had never been required of any other employee in the Indian service.) Certificates were immediately furnished by the missionaries who had lived upon her reservation, and from the principal and teachers in the school in New Jersey. A position was given her in one of these day schools, but the salary was reduced from $40 to $25 per month.

Under the Government regulations, as an employee in the Indian service, she was entitled to a house to live in. She took all her younger brothers and sisters into this house, and the first regulation she made was that not a word of the Indian language should be spoken in this house except to old people,—realizing that their only hope in their contest with the whites was to acquire the English language. Her younger sister, who recently took the highest honors at an Eastern college, and was presented with a fifty-dollar gold medal by one of the leading members of Congress, never spoke a word for some weeks in any language while in the house; but, after once trying to speak the English, she rapidly advanced.

Besides her duties as teacher of the day school, she organized a Sunday-school, and out of her meagre salary saved enough money to buy a few singing books and a small cabinet organ. The children of the tribe flocked to the Sunday-school, many more than could crowd into the small school-room. "Bright Eyes" was superintendent, teacher, chorister, stoker, and all other things combined.

While thus engaged, a great wrong was

MRS. T. H. TIBBLES.

perpetrated by the Government upon a kindred tribe, and Mr. Tibbles brought suits in the United States courts to secure their rights. "Bright Eyes" was sent for, to act as interpreter in the High Court of Omaha. There she met the Rev. Joseph Cook, of Boston, Bishop Clarkson, of the Episcopal Church, and other men of national fame. All these united in urgently requesting her to go to the eastern cities, and make known the wants of her people. This, it seemed to her, was an impossible thing to do. She is naturally very timid and retiring. It took weeks of constant pressure brought by many of the leading ministers of the United States to induce her to agree to go. The first time she attempted to address an audience she broke down. The ladies of the audience gathered round her, and tried in every way to encourage her. She has never attempted since then to address an audience without her manuscript.

Upon going to Boston, her lectures attracted the attention of all the acutest writers and thinkers of that modern Athens of America. One of the most noted of them remarked that the truest things which had been said since the days of Aristotle, and the widest and most applicable of generalizations of modern times, were made by this Indian girl. When the poet Longfellow met her, he declared in public that this was Minnehaha. When these addresses were printed in the public journals and magazines the universal criticism was that it was impossible that an Indian girl could write such things. A committee of the leading citizens of Boston, the Governor of Massachusetts being the Chairman, appointed a sub-committee, of which the Rev. Joseph Cook was a member, to request "Bright Eyes" to write a new lecture in their presence. This she did, the Rev. Joseph Cook taking up the sheets as she wrote them, and he made a public statement of the fact afterwards.

The question was too wide a one for one tribe. The principles she advocated affected the whole Indian race, and an agitation arose, which is still going on in the United States, to give to the Indians civil rights and the protection of law. For eight years the contention has gone on, until it may be said the public opinion of the sixty millions of the United States has been changed by the efforts of this Indian girl. But this contest was a political contest. It had to be fought out in Congress and in the courts. This has driven her away from what she regarded as a more vital question. She has constantly claimed that civil rights and civil laws and civilization, while absolutely necessary, would only end in the extermination of these aboriginal people, unless there were along with it the teaching of the Gospel of Christ.

Wherever she has spoken in the last few years in the United States there has been no hall or church large enough to hold the people.—*The Christian.*

THE INFIDEL'S DEATH.

A few weeks ago, in a Western town, an infidel lay dying. It is nothing strange that an infidel should die, since death makes no exceptions in favor of those who reject the Bible and deny the existence of God. But how did this young man die? In the days of his health he had tried to prove to himself and others that there is no God, no future state of existence for man. In his last hours he gave vent to imprecations and blasphemies so horrible, that a wicked and profane man who heard them could not help shuddering. What awful bravado! If he really disbelieved in the being of God, why should he spend his dying breath in blaspheming the Holy Name? It would seem as though the faith and the spirit of the demons were in the dying infidel, that like them he did believe that there is one God, and that he would hide his trembling by bold defiance.

Is there any one who says, "Let me die the death of the infidel and let my last end be like his?" Atheism may be carried as far as death, but that is the end of it. And often has infidelity retired in the hour of death, leaving its victim to the fearful facing of God and the judgment. Colonel Ingersoll said, in conversation with a clergyman, "Life is very sad to me; it is very pitiful. There isn't much to it." As to what lies beyond death, rejecting the Scriptures as of no authority, he confessed that he does not know. Of course he cannot know, refusing the only source of knowledge as to the future state. How pitiable the condition of one who thus chooses darkness rather than light?

A well-known clergyman has recently published an account of an interview sought with him by one who introduced himself as "a follower of Ingersoll," but in his unbelief was, as he confessed, "perfectly wretched." Being induced to search the Scriptures, and with his attention specially directed to three or four texts, he soon returned with joy, declaring, "I have found God and Christ, and am a happy man." Then he gave himself to the blessed work of leading others to the Saviour he had found. The peace that infidelity could not give was found when Christ, the Redeemer, was accepted.

What a beautiful departure was that of little Jennie Smith, only nine years old, as told by her grandfather, Rev. Dr. Joseph T. Smith, of Baltimore. To the members of the family she said, "I am going to heaven. I am sorry to leave you all, but Jesus has said, 'Suffer little children to come unto me,' and I want to go to him. I will be with him for ever and ever and ever." To the question, "*Jennie, do you love Jesus* so well that you are willing to go and leave us all?" "Yes," she said, "I love you all, but I love Jesus better." There seemed to be much of heaven about that death bed. Blessed child faith! Who would not rather go out of this world with the child trust in that Saviour who said that whoever would enter the kingdom of heaven must be as a little child, than with the dismal hopelessness of the infidel.—*Christian at Work.*

DILLY DALLY.

As sweet a child as one could find,
If only she were prompt to mind:
Her eyes are blue, her cheeks are pink,
Her hair curls up with many a kink—
She says her name is Allie;
But, sad to say,
Oft-times a day
We call her Dilly Dally.

If sent on errands, grave or gay,
She's sure to loiter by the way:
No matter what her task may be,
"I'll do it by-and-by," cries she,
And so, instead of Allie,
We, one and all,
Have come to call
This maiden Dilly Dally.

I think, if she could only know
How wrong it is to dally so,
Her tasks undone she would not leave,
No longer mother's kind heart grieve;
And then, for Dilly Dally,
We'd gladly say,
Each well-spent day,
"This is our own sweet Allie."

—*Our Little Ones.*

THE DEFECTS NOTICED IN ONE SCHOOL.

1. Half of each class faces away from the platform during opening exercises.

2. Not enough singing-books. Some boys' classes have none at all. Result, bad singing.

3. Superintendent began to speak before perfect order was secured.

4. In prayer, many scholars, both young and old, keep gazing around the room.

5. One small boy came in during prayer, walked to his class, and entering it, disturbed the whole class.

6. The lesson of the day was not read by the school or to the school.

7. Boys' classes, as a rule, too large. Teachers cannot hold them.

8. On entering school, superintendent came and spoke to me, but never offered me a book or a seat. I found a seat as best I could.—*Rev. A. F. Schauffler.*

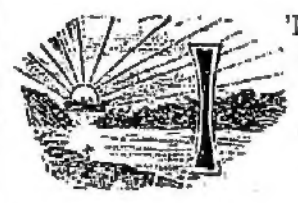
ME.

'M a little mariner
Out on God's tide.
My little ship has masts of pearl;
My little silken sails unfurl
Before the merry winds that curl
The laughing waves that bear me on—
On through the tender, rose-lit morn.

'M a little lamb
Seeking God's fold.
The lovely hills of morning wear
A velvet richness. The sweet air
Of downy meads and pastures fair
Beguiles me; but I must press on;
My Shepherd Lord will call me soon.

'M a little private
In God's own ranks.
My little ears have caught the din
Of striving earth, and from within
I hear a voice:—"Fight ambushed sin;
Tread out God's foes!" It spurs me on
To heavenly gain through victories won.

'M a little student
In God's great school.
. . . . .
—Out of the dewy east arose
A storm that wrenched my little bows;
But now I know that he who chose
To smite and save, will bear me on—
On through my tasks till day is done.



'M a little wanderer
On God's highway.
. . . . .
—The love-lit morn, the fragrant dune,
The little task, the fray of noon,
The tramp till eve, and—day is done!
(Is victory won?) Results live on
In skies that know no set of sun.

MRS. E. C. WHITNEY.

REV. THOMAS HENRY TIBBLES.

We cannot place before our readers the story of "Bright Eyes" on another page without giving them at the same time the sketch of the life of her husband, the Rev. Thomas Henry Tibbles. His interest in the Indian question may be said to be an inherited one, for his father, son of an English settler in Ohio, was carried away when only five years old by a band of Indians and remained with them until he was eighteen. When only nine years old Henry Tibbles lost his father, and about nine months afterwards ran away from the man to whom he was apprenticed because he would not endure his ill usage.

At the age of sixteen he enlisted in the famous John Brown's company, and during the years 1855-56 was actively engaged in the contests between the Abolitionists and slave holders, when he rose to the rank of captain. Once he was captured and sentenced to be hanged as an Abolitionist but was released by the Free State men.

John Brown, continues the *Christian*, from which the rest of this sketch is taken, asked Mr. Tibbles to join him in the Harper's Ferry expedition, but the latter pointed out the folly and crime of the undertaking. It proved the last wild struggle of that noble hero of freedom for man.

At the close of the Free State conflict in Kansas he returned to the East to finish his education. The Civil War broke out in April, 1861, and his educational course would have been finished in June, but the first blast of the trumpets drew the student from his books, and he offered his services to the Government. During the four long years of the war's continuance he was an active participant in many of the actions which have now passed into history. At the close of this Civil War Mr. Tibbles betook himself to journalism and missionary work, the first to supply his temporal wants, the other in obedience to a strong spiritual impulse. He sought in some measure to supply the spiritual wants of districts desolated by the late war, and supplied himself with a large tent for preaching in. He travelled many miles over the trackless prairies to minister to the rough settlers in the outlying districts, and gather in the neglected and still heathen Indians to speak to them of a Saviour's love. These were months of hard toil, exposure, and even danger. There was safety among the so-called savage Indians; but among the white population there was a set of ruffians called bush-whackers, who had cast aside all the restraints of law and order to work their own cruel will.

In 1861 Mr. Tibbles married an English lady, the grand-daughter of Sir John Owen of Bristol. She was a refined and highly-educated lady, but accompanied her husband in his tours, and she was imbued with a true missionary spirit, and frequently displayed great courage under trying circumstances. She died in 1878, leaving two daughters.

Mr. Tibbles considers his labor in behalf of the political freedom and religious life of the Indian nations, or rather of the few remnants of tribes that are left, the great work of his life. He has now been engaged in it for nine years, and it was when prosecuting this work that he first met Inshta Theamba (Bright Eyes), who had been called from private life to advocate the interests of her people. They were married in 1881.

Mr. Tibbles for many years previously had been taking an active interest in the Indians, and when the incident happened which first involved him in the Indian dispute, he characteristically took up their cause with the same ardor with which he had rushed into the war of freedom; and although the only liquid spilt has been ink, and the only weapon wielded a steel pen, it has required as much courage and far more endurance to fight the bloodless Indian battle, than ever was required in the sanguinary contests between North and South.

The peculiarity of the Indian question lies in this, that an Indian is neither a citizen nor an alien, but, through a legal fiction, a ward—*i. e.*, a person incapable in law of regulating his own property, or of knowing what is good for himself; consequently a special Bureau had been created, with an official at its head, called the Secretary of the Interior, whose sole duty is to take care of the Indians.

In Great Britain, wards, who are either "infants" or imbeciles, are looked after by the Court of Chancery. Now, what would be said if Court took possession of the property of one of its wards, which act had recently been confirmed by the Vice-Chancellor, and bestowed it upon another person, not because he had any legal claim to it, but simply because he wished to possess it; and then relegated his ward to, say, a hay-field in a neighboring county, setting a policeman over him with orders to take him into custody if he dared to climb over the fence, or to shoot him if he offered resistance. Be it remembered that the ward can make no appeal, as he has no legal existence in any court. This is a rough illustration of the manner in which the Indians in the United States of America have been treated by the Secretaries of the Interior; and the contention of the Indian Citizenship Society has been to demand for them the rights and privileges of citizenship and the constitutional acknowledgment that the Indian stands on an equality before the law with all other men born on the soil of the United States.

Mr. Tibbles was employed as assistant editor of *The Omaha Daily Herald* when a company of thirty Ponca Indians arrived as prisoners in the neighborhood of the City of Omaha. This tribe had been deprived of their lands in Dacotah by so-called agents of the Government; their implements and goods taken from them; and they were then driven away to a distant section of the country called the Indian Territory, and there left by their escort without supplies, without money, without tools or implements, to get on the best way they could. The country was unhealthy, and many of them died miserably; as one of them said, "My son died, my sister died, and my brother there was near dying; we had nothing to do but to sit still, be sick, starve, and die." Out of 710 persons, 150 had died within a year

With a feeling of desperation, and to save themselves from utter extinction, a remnant of the tribe, under the leadership of Machu-ne-zah (Standing Bear), made their way to their friends, the Omahas, in Nebraska, who received them kindly, and gave them implements with which to till the ground, which also was bestowed on them by the Omahas.

The Poncas were engaged in peaceful occupations, when they were seized by the officers of the civilized Democratic Government of the United States for daring to escape from misery and starvation, and enter the sacred confines of law and liberty. The Poncas were taken away from their friends, the Omahas, among whom they would have been content to live, and were being hurried away to be again interned in the wilderness.

Mr. Tibbles was sitting at his editorial desk at 11 p.m., on March 29, 1879, when word was brought to him of the arrival of the Poncas. He did not get to rest till 4.20 a.m., but was up again at 7 a.m., when he started for Fort Omaha four miles distant, where the Indians were guarded as prisoners. He held a council at their camp, heard them tell their story, returned to Omaha in time to speak on the subject in several of the churches (it was Sunday), went to his office, wrote out an account of the council, and at twenty minutes past five next morning retired to rest. He was up again at seven o'clock to attend a council of Indians with General Crook. Thus commenced the struggle which has been going on ever since. As many of the best men and women in the States are now thoroughly roused, and impressed with its importance and justice, it will never be allowed to die down till thorough justice has been done to all the Indian tribes living within the bounds of the United States.

During the whole contest Mr. Tibbles has never lost sight of the spiritual aspect of the question, as he is impressed with the idea that the acquisition of civil rights alone will not suffice; that if these are not combined with Christianity, the Indians may be saved from extinction, but will certainly sink down into moral and social degradation.

The question of civil rights is holding such a prominent place just now, that he can draw but little attention to the matter which lies nearest his heart—the religious welfare of his own tribe, the Omahas, and he fears that if they are left much longer in their present spiritually and educationally neglected condition an irreparable damage may be done. It was with a sort of feeling of despair, that he thought of coming over to this country and appealing to the Christian public of Great Britain. It is in the interest of the Omahas alone that he is now pleading, although this question is no less important to all the tribes; and there are still in existence 110 different tribes, speaking seventy-five dialects. Of these there are sixty tribes who have never yet heard the Gospel. Their old superstitions and tribal arrangements, which to the Indians were religion, law, and order, have been rudely overthrown, and unless something better is supplied they may lapse into a mere gypsy licentiousness of life and manners.

THE SPENDER.

BY EDWIN R. CHAMPLIN.

She took her lesson from the sun,—
That gave her wealth ere she beheld it,—
And gave a smile to every one,
And, if she saw a cloud, dispell'd it.

She passed away one summer day,
Just as the sun with smiles was setting;
And left this lesson: Rich are they
Who live for giving, not for getting.

—*Sunday-School Times.*

HE WAS ONLY A DOG.

He was a brindle cur, and had nothing *about him to excite admiration.* But, as he stood shivering under the "L" station, at Fifty-ninth street and Third avenue, his loneliness and entire misery drew a sympathetic glance, now and then, from a passer-by. He did not appear to be a city *dog, he seemed too shy and ignorant of* city ways for that, and he looked anxiously in the face of each new-comer, as if seeking a friend. But none came. He tried to get on a surface car, but the conductor yelled and a passenger kicked at him; so he sneaked into the lee of one of the iron posts, and shivered more miserably than before. Two little girls came along, and stopped a moment to speak to the "*poor doggie,*" who attempted a little wag of the tail in response. Then they patted him, and spoke kindly to him, and so cheered the poor waif that he whisked about them, and whined for joy. A heavy, lumbering brewery waggon bore down on them. With the rattle overhead, and the Babel of noise about them, the two little tots did not heed the rapidly nearing danger, nor hear the shout that went out to them from the sidewalk. But the homeless dog did. Springing between the children and the advancing horses he barked, his shrill treble rising high above the clamor of the street. It was all done in a moment. The waggon rolled on; the children, spell-bound with fear, stood still; the dog, in a last desperate effort to repay the kindness shown him, hurled himself at the advancing horses. One child is brushed aside, and the other clutched by a friendly hand, as the horses swerve at the dog's attack. The brewery waggon went on its way, rocking and swaying, and two tear-dimmed little faces peered out from the sidewalk at a little heap on the stones of the street. Their defender had given his life in grateful remembrance of their kindness. He was only a dog; he knew no better.—*New York Herald.*

HIS WORDS LIVE.

Nearly two thousand years ago a little man, contemptible in appearance, named Paul, was driven by a guard of soldiers back to his cell, in one of the great prisons of Rome. He belonged to a poor and despised sect, and, because of his faith, had been scourged and tortured that day before Nero.

When he should go out from his cell again, the torture would end in death. He had fought the fight, he had finished the course, he had kept the faith.

He thought that he had found a secret for which men of all nations had searched since the world began. It was a word of life—the hope, the promise beyond the grave.

But if he had found it, the world about him apparently did not care. His flesh quivered as sorely under the thongs of Nero's lictors, the stones of his prison were as gray and hard, the blue grass-flower in his path smiled as brightly in the sun, as though there were no such momentous unspoken secret.

He wrote a letter in his cell to a young man named Timothy, whom he loved, and in those dying words the hope and meaning of his life spoke plainly.

A few days later he died in torture. How, nobody even cared to remember. The insignificant little prisoner may have been devoured by the wild beasts or burned slowly to death, a living torch to light Nero's gardens. The same blue-grass flower still lived in the path, smiling up to the sun, and the stones of the prison frowned gray and unchanged. But he was gone.

To-day the flower blooms no more inside the prison. The prison has vanished. The great stones are dust and have passed a thousand times into trees or living flesh. Imperial Rome itself has gone. But the words which the little prisoner wrote that day have lived through the ages and have quickened countless souls into hope and action.

There are things in the world which perish and there are things which endure. This history may help some girl or boy in the beginning of life to understand what it is that dies and what it is that shall and must last.—*Youth's Companion.*

NOTHING TO DO.

A FAIRY STORY OF TO-DAY.

"There's nothing to do, and there's nothing to say,
And the rain, it raineth all the day,
There is nothing amusing, and nothing is new;
In fact, as I said, there's nothing to do."
So spoke little Gretchen, and turned again
To watch the rain on the window pane;
"Now," she cried, "there's the clock, but it only struck two,
What is to be done when there's nothing to do?"

"Nothing to do," said a voice by her side
"Would you like to come with me for a ride?"
Then Gretchen turned round delighted to see
Her good fairy godmother smiling with glee.
And the very first tap of her high-heeled shoes
Quite startled the child from her fit of the blues
A neat little figure, so quaint and so trim,
Her little high hat had a little broad brim
And her dainty red petticoat, quilted and neat,
Showed the high buckled shoes on her brisk little feet.

"O yes," cried poor Gretchen, "pray take me with you;
I really am dying from nothing to do."
"Very well," said her godmother, "prithee be quick!
And jump by my side on this fairy broomstick;
It does not rain now, and we will not go far,
So don't stay to dress, but come just as you are."
Quoth Gretchen, "I'll get hat and cloak ere we go;
I'm not quite a fairy, as you are, you know."

The broomstick was swift, and the broomstick was fleet,
So it soon set them down in the old village street.
"And now," said the fairy, "you just follow me;
I have touched you with fern-seed, so no one will see."
Then straightway she opened a rickety door,
And there saw a poor baby alone on the floor,
Such a pitiful baby, so pale and so thin,
With hardly a garment to wrap itself in.

It gave little Gretchen a sorrowful shock,
And she said, "I must make that poor baby a frock."
Her godmother nodded, and merrily smiled,
But soon led Gretchen away from the child,
And showed her its mother, who lay on the bed,
With scarcely a pillow to hold up her head.
Said Gretchen, "She looks very ill. Don't you think
I may bring her some food, or a nice cooling drink?"

Her godmother gave her broomstick a twirl,
And they stood by the side of a little lame girl;
She had no one to comfort her hour by hour.
Cried Gretchen, "I should like to bring her a flower."
"Very good," said the fairy, "pray do if you can;
But now we shall call on a poor old blind man."
"O dear," cried her godchild, "how lonely he looks!
Might I read to him sometimes some comforting books?
And O, godmother, look at that poor little lad,
He is shaking with cold, and so wretchedly clad,
While I am all wrapped in velvet and fur!
Don't you think I can make him a warm comforter?"

"Our ride," said the fairy, "has not been in vain;
And now, if you please, we will fly home again;
I shall call on you, dear, just a week from to-day,
And then I shall hear what you may have to say.
The week slipped away, and the godmother came,
In her little red petticoat, gay as a flame;
She tapped at the door, and she laughed outright
To see her fair godchild so happy and bright.

Then Gretchen looked up with a sunshiny smile,
And she folded her work in a neat little pile;
She laid it a-top of her plentiful store,
Saying, "Now that is done I can make something more.
The days are so busy: I rise with the sun,
But I never can do all there is to be done,
When wants are so many, and workers so few,
How can any one say they have nothing to do?"
—*Christian at Work.*

ALLAHABAD.

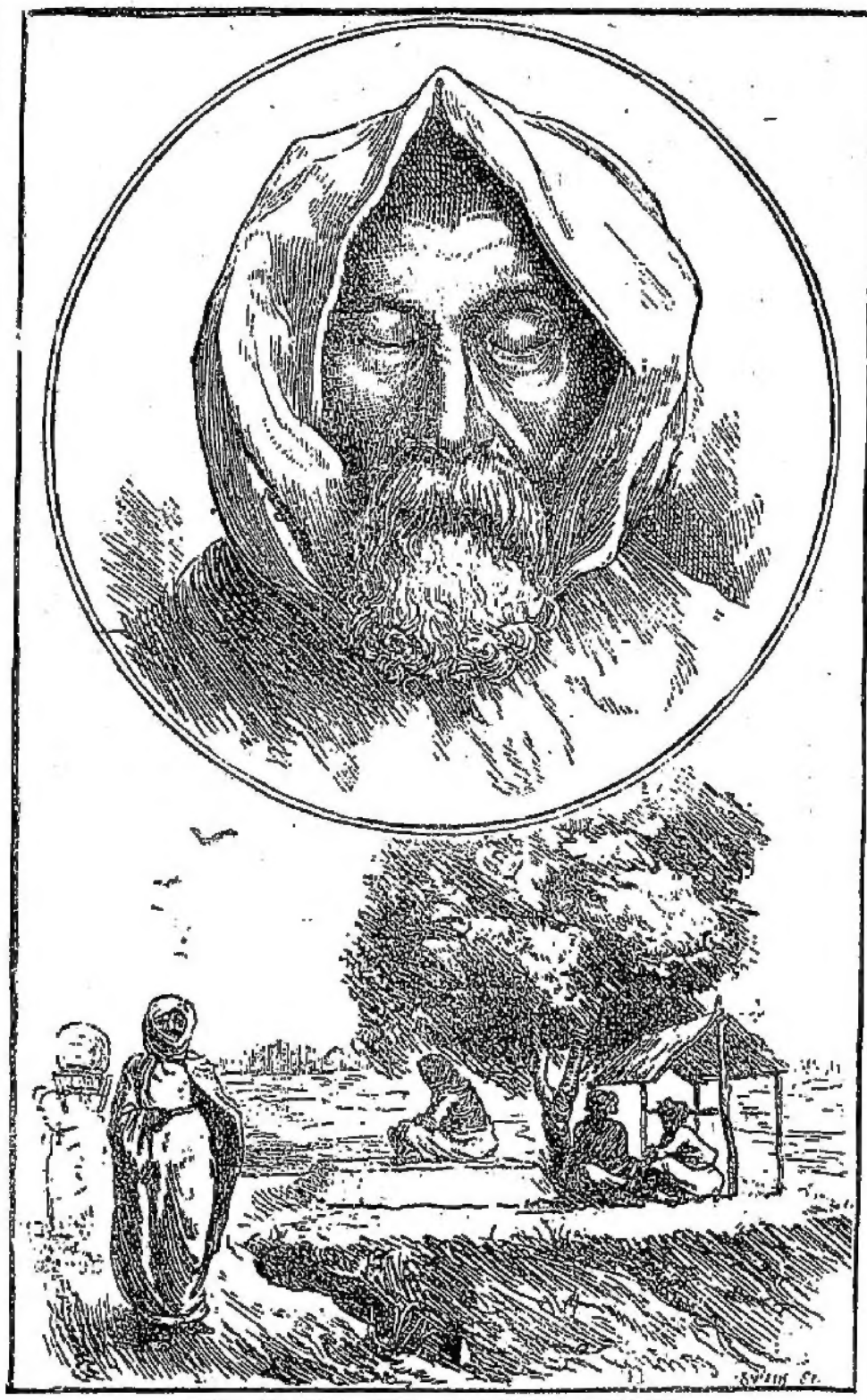
Allahabad, with its wide, straight roads, pleasant bungalows, and shady trees, lies very near the "junction of the waters"—a spot most sacred to the Hindus. Just within sight of the massive fort the Jumna curves round and meets the muddy Ganges; while, according to Hindu mythology, a third river, having its source in Heaven, flows unseen to form a trio of peculiar sanctity.

Here in summer time, while the great cracked bed of the river is mainly dry, quite a busy thriving village springs up on the neck of land nearest the meeting. Booths of every description, guarded by forests of bamboo, with wonderful flags attached, arrest the eye. Idol shops are scattered everywhere, and stalls displaying small bottles of sacred water, or strings of seeds, answering the purpose of Hindu rosaries.

Here, too, may be seen public readers of the Shastres—Brahmins seated comfortably on bed-like divans, mumbling to small congregations around, while further on, at the meeting of the waters, meritorious bathing is continually indulged in. But for me the chief interest centred in the numberless Fakeers frequenting the place, and especially so in Baba Surada, whose portrait, stolen unawares, accompanies this paper.

A raised plantform of cement, about two and a half feet high, has been made on a high bank above the river, very near a spreading nimb tree (pronounced *neem*); this forms his throne. Wrapt in a garment of dirty red sackcloth his bent figure may be seen at any time, seated cross-legged on this divan, the object of worship and of alms.

On the opposite side of the tree a rough shed has been erected, while behind him recline his attendants, as shown in the sketch.



BABA SURADA, THE ALLAHABAD FAKEER.

Some doggerel verses written in English set forth his claim to generosity, and state that he is perfectly blind, and has been sitting there for more than half a century, only leaving his throne in severe storms, or to bathe in the river mud at dawn. From this ablution he emerges dirty and refreshed, ready for any grist that may come to his mill; and doubtless a vast deal of grist does come to that institution during the day in shape of pice or annas.

As a rule the Fakeers of India are by no means worthy of the praise often so lavishly bestowed upon them for seeking holiness by self-sacrifice. A lazy living is what the majority of these religious mendicants desire; and thus they impoverish the people without adding an atom to the general good. Absolutely they are good for nothing, though often rich.

It struck me as pitiable, however, in this instance to see the dry old face peeping out with sightless eyes from the dirty covering, Seeing nothing, yet worshipped by passers by—"Blind leaders of the blind"—and I longed, as one often longs in India, for the coming of that Saviour to Fakeer and people whose touch has a healing power for blindness. Will not our readers pray for the speedy coming of this blessed time?—*Joseph J. Doke in Missionary Herald.*

CHINESE CUSTOMS.

The Chinese, topographically our antipodes, are as opposite to us in manners and customs.

Our night is their day. Our mourning color is black, theirs is white. Their boats are drawn by men; their carriages are moved by means of sails.

Old men fly kites, while little boys look on; with them the seat of honor is at the left hand, and to keep one's hat on is a sign of respect. We drink tea hot and wine cold; they drink wine hot and tea cold.

The family name comes first instead of last; thus, John Smith would be Smith John. The needle of their compass points to the south, ours to the north. They say "west-north" instead of "north-west" "east-south" instead of "south-east." Their soldiers wear quilted petticoats, satin boots and bead necklaces, carry umbrellas and fans, and go to a night attack with lanterns, being more afraid of the dark than the enemy.

They mount their horses on the right side. The children in school sit with their backs to the teacher and study their lessons aloud.

A married woman when young and pretty is a slave; when she is old and whithered she is the most respected and beloved member of the family.

Their most valued piece of furniture is a handsome camphor-wood coffin, which they keep in the best room. They are very fond of fireworks, but always display them in the daytime. If you offend a Chinaman, instead of killing you he will kill himself on your doorstep.—*Selected.*

ONLY HIS MOTHER.

Charlie Holland, at your service. A well-dressed, well-mannered, pleasant-faced boy. You feel sure you would like him. Everybody who sees him feels just so.

"His mother must be glad of him," is a sentence often on people's lips. Look at him now, as he lifts his hat politely, in answers to a call from an open window.

"Charlie," says the voice, "I wonder if I could get you to mail this letter for me? Are you going near the post-office?"

"Near enough to be able to serve you, Mrs. Hampstead," says the polite voice. "I will do it with pleasure."

"I shall be very much obliged, Charlie, but I wouldn't want to make you late at school on that account."

"Oh! no danger at all, Mrs. Hampstead. It will not take two minutes to dash around the corner to the office." And, as he receives the letter, his hat is again lifted politely.

"What a perfect little gentleman Charlie Holland is," says Mrs. Hampstead to her sister, as the window closes. "Always so obliging, he acts as though it were a pleasure to him to do a kindness."

Bend lower, and let me whisper a secret in your ear. It is not five minutes since that boy's mother said to him, "Charlie, can't you run up-stairs and get that letter on my bureau and mail it for me?" And Charlie, with three wrinkles on his forehead, and a pucker on each side of his mouth, said, "O mamma! I don't see how I can. I'm late now; and the office is half a block out of my way."

And the mother said, well, then, he needn't mind, for she didn't want him to be late at school. So he didn't mind, but left the letter on the bureau, and went briskly on his way until stopped by Mrs. Hampstead.

What was the matter with Charlie Holland? Was he an untruthful boy? He did not mean to be. He claimed himself to be strictly honest.

It was growing late, and he felt in a hurry, and he hated to go upstairs. Of course, it would not do to refuse Mrs. Hampstead, and, by making an extra rush he could get to school in time; but the other lady was only his mother. Her letter could wait.

"Only his mother!" Didn't Charlie Holland love his mother, then?

You ask him, with a hint of doubt about it in your voice, and see how his eyes will flash, and how he will toss back his handsome head, and say:

"I guess I do love my mother! She's the grandest mother a boy ever had."

Oh! I didn't promise to explain Charlie's conduct to you; I am introducing him; you are to study for yourselves. Do you know any boy like him?—*Pansy.*

A MINUTE'S ANGER.

Not long ago, in a city not far from New York, two boys, neighbors, who were good friends, were playing. In the course of the game a dispute arose between the boys, and both became angry. One struck the other, and finally one kicked the other, who fell unconscious in the street, was taken home, and now for four weeks has suffered most cruelly. The doctors say that if he lives he will never be well, and will always suffer and need the constant care of a physician. If the boys had been the greatest enemies they would not, could not, have desired a worse fate for each other than this. But instead of enemies they were friends and loving companions. Now everything is changed. One will never be able to walk or to take part in active games; the other will never forget the sufferings he has caused. A minute's anger caused this.—*S. S. Messenger.*

FRANKNESS.

BY LIZZIE M. WHITTLESEY.

"There, does my dress hang right?" asked an odd-looking girl of her stylish companion, at the dressmaker's one day.

"Yes, certainly, quite correct," was the chorused reply, and yet as she "slopped" down the stairs, one corner dipping and draggling behind her, the girls exchanged glances and laughed.

"Now, that thing'll always be out of gear," said they "and the worst of it is she's so perfectly unconscious of it."

The dressmaker, who had not been consulted, shrugged her shoulders.

"Why didn't you tell the girl, then?" she asked pointedly. "I wouldn't thank anybody to lie to me first and laugh afterwards."

Rather a rough way of putting it, perhaps, but isn't it a just epitome of our ordinary social intercourse?

How much more truly friends had the girls proved themselves, had they told her of the sagging skirt, and helped straighten it.

I know a lady who, for one long summer, wore unlined grenadine sleeves, foolishly imagining that the glimpse of white plump arms was pretty. At last, motives of comfort and economy induced her to line the sleeves, and then one friend after another congratulated her on the change.

"I told Nell," confided one voluble acquaintance, "that, as intimate as she was, she ought to tell you that dress didn't look well."

The lady recounted her story with tears in her eyes.

"Do you know,' she concluded, "I've never trusted Nell as much since. As we were such friends, why couldn't she have told me before I changed the sleeves of my own accord.'

There is a greater dearth of genuine loving frankness than of any other Christian grace Deception is the style, truth dubbed "blunt,' and "not good form.'

"I think Grace is making a mistake to throw herself away on that worthless fellow," said a girl speaking of a mutual friend.

"I know it, replied another; "but Grace evidently thinks he is all that could be desired. I didn t tell her so, but she will certainly rue the day if she does get tied for life to him.'

"No, she didn't tell her," so Grace went on and married the dissipated fellow with whom, had she only known, she would hardly have gone across the street.

How many heartaches, how many life-lasting sorrows might be averted by a few timely words of Christian frankness.

The general excuse is that such advice and counsel is resented, as arising from curiosity or an intense interest in other people's affairs. But in all cases, motives can be discerned behind words, and when a friend is moved by genuine love for another, and a sincere desire to help him, the fact will be unmistakably expressed in tone and manner.

Many valuable things I learned from my good father, now on the "other side," but none "stays by" as that object lesson, illustrated by our life of saying nothing about others we should be unwilling to have them hear.

Many a time was some girlish criticism checked, by knowing that sooner or later my victim would get the benefit of it from my father's candid life.

We can all recall some true and loving friend, who has, in a quiet hour of kindly talk, told us facts concerning some pet mannerism of ours which proved of more real service than all the "taffy" ever doled out to us.

A bright, taking young lady marred her agreeableness by a certain saucy pertness, which, cultivated by the admiration of her friends(?) developed into most disagreeable ways.

"Fan would be so nice if it wasn't for that one thing," remarked a school-girl companion concerning this young lady. But no one told her, and so Fan was allowed to grow up into an assuming, unpleasing, sarcastic woman, dreaded by acquaintances and grieved over by friends.

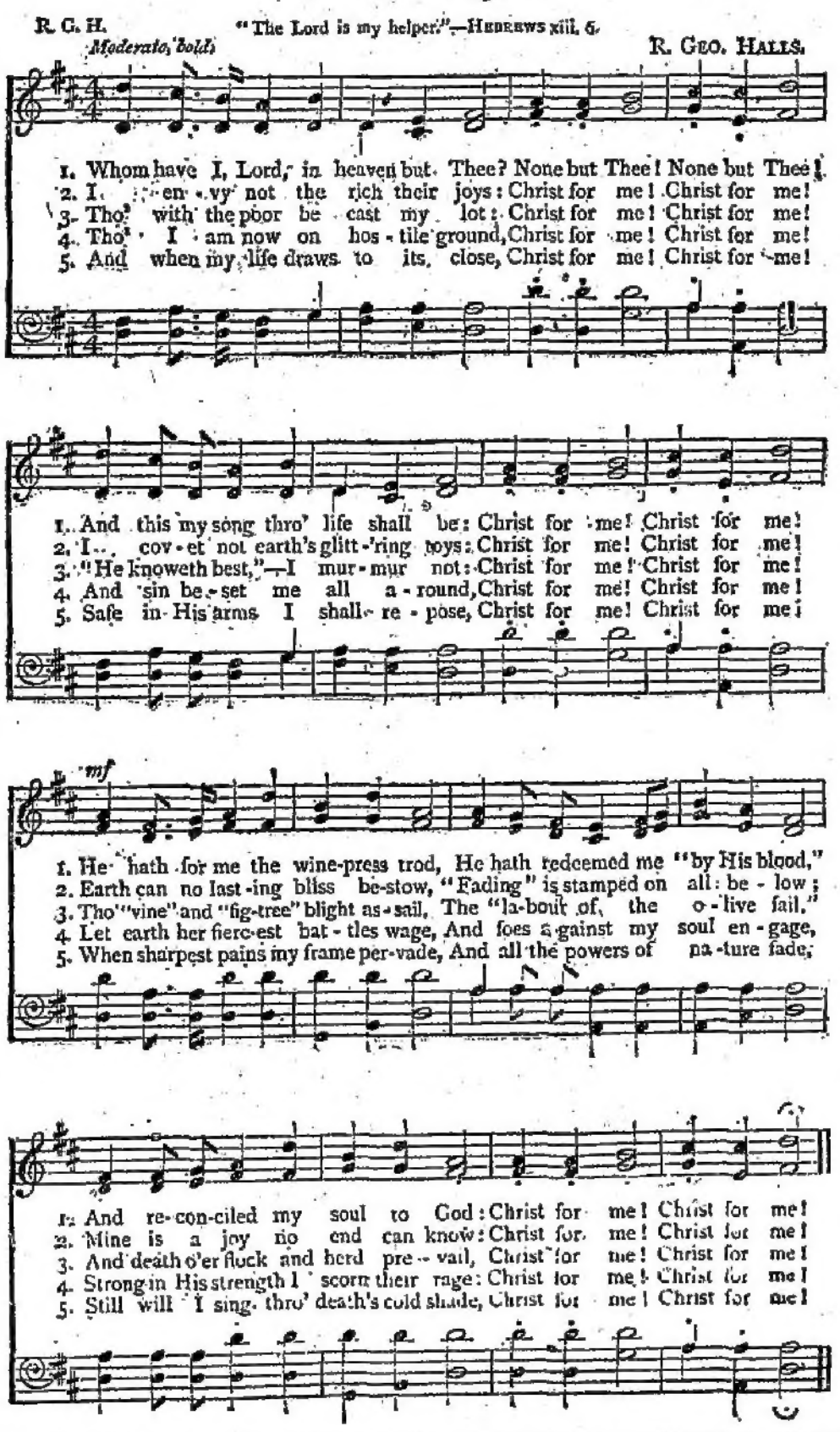
Yet, being a girl of sense, she would have considered it a real kindness had some true friend called her ill-timed vivacity by its actual name of heartless ridicule.

Be frank, girls. If Mattie's sharp words conceal a hidden sting, don't go and complain to Gertie, but have the thing out between you two. At the risk of repeating myself, I emphasize candor.

Don't whisper to Sadie that Flossie's hair looks old-fashioned. Go to Florence and in the sweet, graceful way you know so well how to assume on occasion to draw your gentlemen friends, fix up that abundant brown hair in the pretty new style that becomes her shapely face so well.

"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel's as ithers see us."

That power is friendly frankness, and it might so easily be ours to give and to get. If criticism is worth giving about our friends it is worth giving to them.—*Christian at Work.*

Christ for Me!

R. C. H.
"The Lord is my helper."—Hebrews xiii. 6.
R. Geo. Halls.
Moderato, bold.
1. Whom have I, Lord, in heaven but Thee? None but Thee! None but Thee!
2. I en-vy not the rich their joys: Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. Tho' with the poor be cast my lot: Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. Tho' I am now on hos-tile ground, Christ for me! Christ for me!
5. And when my life draws to its close, Christ for me! Christ for me!
1. And this my song thro' life shall be: Christ for me! Christ for me!
2. I covet not earth's glitt'ring toys: Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. "He knoweth best,"—I mur-mur not: Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. And sin be-set me all a-round, Christ for me! Christ for me!
5. Safe in His arms I shall re-pose, Christ for me! Christ for me!
mf
1. He hath for me the wine-press trod, He hath redeemed me "by His blood,"
2. Earth can no last-ing bliss be-stow, "Fading" is stamped on all be-low;
3. Tho' "vine" and "fig-tree" blight as-sail, The "la-bour of the o-live fail."
4. Let earth her fierc-est bat-tles wage, And foes a-gainst my soul en-gage,
5. When sharpest pains my frame per-vade, And all the powers of na-ture fade,
1. And re-con-ciled my soul to God: Christ for me! Christ for me!
2. Mine is a joy no end can know: Christ for me! Christ for me!
3. And death o'er flock and herd pre-vail, Christ for me! Christ for me!
4. Strong in His strength I scorn their rage: Christ for me! Christ for me!
5. Still will I sing thro' death's cold shade, Christ for me! Christ for me!

"THIS MINISTRY."

"I do hope that one of my boys will be called to the ministry," said Mrs. Ashland.

"Only one?" was her friend's reply. "I ask that all my children may early accept the ministry God offers to them."

"The ministry God offers? I do not understand."

"I mean just this; 'Even as the Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister,' so to each one of us is given a ministry (ministering) in this world which we only can fully accomplish, and in which 'as we have received mercy, we faint not.' Our ministry as wives, mothers, and housekeepers, is often a harder service than that of our good pastors."

"I am sure it is! But these daily duties seem quite transfigured in such a light," said Mrs. Ashland, thoughtfully. "If my daily cares constitute my ministry, I have no right to complain of or shirk them."

Her friend, who knew her circumstances better than Mrs. Ashland supposed, knowing that she was indeed sorely tried and tested, prayed that her words might be guided with discretion as she replied:—

"I won't say you have no right, dear. I only think that when you see your life in the full light of God's Word you will not want to shirk or complain. You have just this ministry, this man boarding with you, this sickly husband, this family of growing boys, this untrained, careless servant. Seeing, then, you have this ministry, as you have received mercy you faint not. You are called quite as plainly as you long to have your son called, and to quite as important a ministry."

"'Or ministry, let us wait on our ministering.' I have noticed how that text might apply! Why, you have made it such a different matter to plan for to-morrow's meals, to try and make things run smoothly, and to be patient with my poor husband. I had been trying and trying to see a way out of it all, and so many gave me such advice! Every one seems to think I should get rid of this or that burden! Yet I never can see that I ought, and if it is my ministry I would not."

"'Take heed to the ministry which thou hast received in the Lord, that thou fulfil it,'" said Mrs. B., lovingly. "There is such a wonderful rest in accepting our lot as a gift from our dear Lord. As to the puzzles in your life, no experience is without them, and I find much comfort in trusting to what God is preparing for us. You remember how, when Jonah was cast into the sea, God 'prepared a great fish to swallow him;' then later he 'prepared' a gourd and an east wind. He is not only able, but willing to prepare what we need of trial and blessing, and to give us his mercy that we faint not. I fear we too often weaken each other by our sympathy for trials which, if seen as part of each one's ministry, would not seem trials but blessings."

"I am sure we do. I never before thought of my little daily cares and duties as a ministry; but I shall not forget it, I hope. And now I must go home, for it is nearly dinner-time, and 'wait' on my 'ministering.'"

Is there not a suggestion here for you, dear reader? Are you accepting your daily cares and duties as a ministry to be entered into for God? If, day by day, we say to him, "Whatever work thou hast for me to do, give it into my hands and give me grace to do it," and then just "wait on our ministering," will not our life be one of peace, even though full of trial and seeming perplexity?—*Selected*

DOUBLED IN TEN YEARS.

The fact that the number of converts in China has more than doubled within ten years, and now exceeds thirty thousand, is proof that Christian work is eminently successful there, and should act as a stimulus to more abundant labors.

Question Corner.—No. 23.

PRIZE BIBLE QUESTIONS

61. *Name in their order the first four prophesies* of the coming of Christ in the Bible?

62. Where was Jesus born and what prophet foretold the place of his birth?

OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.

Our prize competition is almost at an end. One more number and it will be finished. It is well that it is so, for one large drawer is already tightly packed with the papers, and if many more answers come in we shall have to empty another drawer to accommodate them.

We shall give the results as early in January as possible. We would strongly urge that our young Bible students make no delay in sending in their last answers.

OUR NEW PREMIUMS.

The next number of the *Northern Messenger* will contain our New Premium List, just in time to enable all our young people to secure handsome new books for the Christmas holidays.

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